This Stage, the Ship upon whose Decke,
The Seas tost *Pericles*, appeares to speake.

Enter Pericles on Shipboord.

Per. The god of this great vast, rebuke these surges
Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou that hast
Vpon the windes command, binde them in Brasse,
Having cald them from the deepe, O still
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble sulpherous flashes: Oh how *Lichorida*?
How does my Queene? then storme venomously,
Wilt thou speat all thy selfe? the Seamans whistle
Is a whisper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Lucina*, oh!
Divinest patroness, and my wife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, made swift the pangs
Of my Queenes travailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too yong for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Per. How? how *Lychorida*?
Lychor. Patience good sir, doe not assist the storme,
Heere's all that is left living of your Queene;
A little daughter, for the sake of it
Be manly and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why doe you make us love your goodly gifts
And snatch them straight away?
We here below; recall not what we give,
And therein may use honour with you.
Lychor. Patience good sir, even for this charge.
Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a most blusterous bird hath never Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions;
For thou art the rudelieſt welcome to this world,

That ever was Princes child
Thou hast as chiding a Nativ
As Fire, Aire, Water, Earth
To harold thee from the wo
Even at the first; thy losse is
Thy portage quite, with all
Now the good gods throw
Enter
1. *Saylor.* What courage
Per. Courage enough, I d
It hath done to me the wors
Of this poore infant, this fi
I would it would be quiet.
1. *Sayl.* Slacke the bolins
Blow and split thy selfe.
2. *Sayl.* But sea-roome,
kisse the Moone, I care not.
1. *Say.* Sir, your Queene
The sea workes hie, the wi
And will not lie till the ship
Per. That's your superstiti
1. Pardon us sir; with us
And we are strong in Easter
Per. As you thinke meet
Most wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere she lies sir.
Per. A terrible child-bed
No light, no fire, the unfrie
Forgot thee utterly, nor ha
To bring thee hallowd to t
Must cast thee scarcely coffi
Wherefore a Monument up
The ayre remaining lampes
And humming water must
Lying with simple shels: O
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices,
My Casket and my Iewels,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k